NUMB. XCII.

THE PLAIN DEALER.

Nos Numerus ſumus ——— HOR.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5. 1725.

Mr. PLAIN-DEALER.

HUMANITY has inſtructed me, That he who lets a *Secret die* with him, from the *Knowledge* of which the *World* might receive *Benefit*, is an Enemy to the Good of Mankind, and a Diſhonour, and Misfortune, to his Country. — Phyſicians may boaſt, as they pleaſe, of the Vertues of their *Simples*, I know a *Compound*, call'd *Flattery*, that is a better *Remedy* than any of 'em.

'I AM one of Thoſe, whom *Fortune* has the leaſt Kindneſs in the World for. *This*, however, ſhe did for me. — My Father Dying, while I was a Child, ſhe put it into my *Uncle's* Head to take Care of me; and he ſent me to the *Univerſity*; where I have now been (at *his* Charge) about two Years, and a half. — I come up to *London*, every *Chriſtmas*, to paſs a Month at my *Uncle's*, who is a Rich Merchant, in the *City*; and give him an *Account*, as he calls it, what I have *learnt*, during the other Eleven. His *Education* has tinctur'd him with that infallible Mark of a *narrow Spirit*, — The *Deſtroying Half the Merit of his Purpoſes, by an ungraceful Manner of Executing them.* — And he has ſo often, taken Delight to put me, coarſely, in mind of his *Charity*, That he *robb'd* me, even of the little *Comfort*, which *He laid out his Money, to procure* for me.

'THIS laſt *Chriſtmas*, being ſeiz'd by a violent Fit of the *Gout*; he was roaring out, one Day, in the Extremity of *Pain*, and *Peeviſhneſs*: — He cou'd not, he ſaid, *imagine*, how ſo *temperate* a Man, as *He* was, ſhou'd come by ſuch a Diſtemper as the *Gout!* If he had been a *Glutton*, or a *Drunkard*, he ſhou'd not have wonder'd at it! — But, for a *Small-Beer-Drinker!* One, who had always been *remarkable* for his *Self-Denial*, to fall under the Torture of *ſuch a Diſeaſe, as the Gout!* — It was very hard! — It was very ſtrange! — And he cou'd not, *for his Part*, tell, how it was to be *accounted for.*

'IT was my Good-Luck, at that Time, to have been newly reading a Collection of *Miſcellaneous Poems*; and I bethought my ſelf of ſomething, that I met with, in it, which had pleas'd me very much; and made an Impreſſion on my Memory. — I ran, and fetch'd the Book, and opening it to the Place, put it into my *Uncle's* Hands, and told him, He might there, find the *Reaſon*, of that *Misfortune*, he had been complaining of. — He deſir'd me to read it to him, and I did it, as follows.

" *THE Learned* Sydenham *do's not doubt,*
" *But PROFOUND THOUGHT will bring* (*the* Gout:
" *And, that, with* Back *on* Couch, *we* lie,
" *Becauſe our* Reaſon ſoar'd too high.
" *As* Cannons, *when they* mount, vaſt Pitches,
" *Are* tumbled back, *upon their* Britches.

'MY *Uncle* ſmil'd, and ſaid, *'Twas very pretty.* He made me read it ſo often, that he has got it by Heart: And repeats it Twenty Times a Day, in all Companies, as a Proof of his *Nephew's Ingenuity.* He never cou'd *abide Poetry*: But, is now grown very fond of it. — He cou'd not have *believ'd*, he ſays, that there was *ſo much GOOD REASON in Rhyming.* In fine, I am grown a *Favourite*; and he allows, *I have a great deal of WIT*, ever ſince I prov'd his Diſtemper to be the Conſequences of his *JUDGMENT*, and *profound Thinking.* — I cou'd not forbear ſending you this Intelligence, as a Hint, to ſome of your Readers, who may benefit themſelves by the Example.

I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

FAVONIUS.

I AM oblig'd to the *Zeal* of a *Friend* unknown, for the following *Good Counſel*; which I take very kindly; and give him my Word, (in his own Phraſe) That I will *follow it, as far forth as I ſhall be able.*

My FRIEND,

'FORASMUCH as Thou art lifted up, as a *PLAIN DEALER*, among thy *Bretheren*, and haſt taken an Office upon thee, which it behoveth thee to diſcharge with *Wiſdom*, *Moderation*, and *Integrity*: Verily, therefore, I am *moved* to *warn* thee, that thou becomeſt heedful, ſo far forth as thou ſhalt be able, that thou neither *derideſt the Unhappy*; nor *holdeſt the Meek Man in Scorn.* — When thou art *moved*, by the *Sharpneſs* of the *Wit* which worketh within thee, thou oughteſt to ſhoot thy Arrows at the *Mighty.* — Yea, at the Men, who pride themſelves in the *Strength* of the *Fleſh*, and have no *feeling* of the *Spirit, that Inhoureth within them.* Take Heed, alſo, that thou ſlideſt not into *Vanity*, when thou heareſt thy ſelf well ſpoken off; neither inflameſt thy ſelf into *Anger*, when thou chanceſt to be

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'be *rebuked*. — Verily, *Friend*, this Great City may 'be liken'd unto a *Field*, which hath *rank Weeds*: 'If, by thy Writing, thou canſt *root them forth*, and 'throw them, on a Heap, from among the *Wheat*, 'thy Name ſhall become *Exalted*, in the Mouths of 'the *Brethren*. — If thou *art*, even as thou *ſeem'ſt 'to be*, thou will *deliver forth a Reproof*, againſt the 'Scorn, which light Men, of thy Perſwaſion, make 'of the *Habit of us Friends*. Thou knoweſt, the 'Corn of the Field is not ſo *BEAUTIFUL*, as 'the *Butter-Flower*; neither is the *Pomegranate* ſo 'alluring to the Eye, as the *John-Apple*. — Never-'theleſs, the *Corn of the Field* is more *USEFUL*, 'than the *Butter-Flower*: And the Inſide of the *Pome-'granate* more delicious, than the *John-Apple*. — Lo, 'Thou mayeſt make the Application, *thy ſelf*.

Thy loving Friend,
(and Reader, while thou writeſt with Prudence)

AMINADAB.

Mr. PLAIN-DEALER.

SIR,

'AM a plain Man my ſelf; but have, to my 'Wife, a young Woman, that is ſo far from 'being *plain*, that ſhe is the *likelieſt*, of our whole 'Pariſh. — She *ſings*, *dances*, and talks *French*; and, 'in ſhort, has a great Deal of *to'ther End of the Town 'Breeding in her*. But here is an Impudent Young 'Dog, that comes to my Houſe, *whether I will or no*; 'upon no other Account, *truly!* but becauſe I have a '*handſome Wife!* I wou'd have *believ'd* him, tho' he 'had not *told me ſo*; for he takes very great *Liberties* 'with her, *before my Face*! — I am inform'd ſhe 'came by him, at the *Maſquerade*. She ſays, She 'can't tell how to get rid of him, — I deſire, there-'fore, to know, Whether I ought not to take ſome 'Meaſures with him? And, in particular, Whether 'I might not, (with a ſafe Conſcience) *ſwear the 'Peace againſt him*? For, without ſome ſuch Security, 'I am *afraid* to forbid him my Houſe, *myſelf*: and if 'my *Wife* does it, ſhe ſays, He *won't mind Her*. '— Am, in no ſmall Trouble,

Your Friend to ſerve you,
HEZEKIAH HORNEY.

To his Reverence, (the moſt Profound, and Impartial) The PLAIN DEALER, *for the* Liberties *of* LONDON.

The Humble PETITION of LUKE THOROUGHSTITCH, *Colonel of the* City Militia.

SHEWETH,

'THAT your Petitioner is a *freeborn Engliſh-'man*, and has a Stomach, that loves *Liberty*. 'But, being oblig'd to *eat*, (ſince he left off Houſe-'keeping) among a Sett of *She-Tories*, he can never 'dine, without a *Reſtraint*, that he takes to be an '*Abuſe* of our happy *Conſtitution*; and which was 'never known, but in a *State of Nature*, before Kings 'were (by *mutual Compact*) *deputed to execute Laws 'for us*.

'THAT they *perſecute* him, ever and anon, with '*Much Good may do you*, — *I'm glad to ſee you eat ſo 'heartily*, — *A Good Stomach is a Sign of Health*, — 'and ſuch like *Exorbitant Encroachments*. — And, 'that, Yeſterday, for Example, after he had eaten, '*at moſt*, *but ſix Slices*, and was, (peaceably, and 'without Cauſe of Offence to any of the Company) 'preparing to *enter upon the Seventh*; he ſaw the Eyes 'of the whole Circle, moſt *tyrannically* fix'd upon him, 'with an Air of *arbitrary*, and *unreaſonable*, *WON-'DER*; to the manifeſt *Abaſement* of your Petitioner's 'Courage; and the Violation of his *UNDOUBTED 'PRIVILEDGE*, *to eat*, *as long as he finds himſelf 'hungry*.

'HE, therefore, moſt humbly prays, That your 'Reverence would condeſcend to take this *Grievance* 'into your Conſideration; and acquaint theſe *In-'vaders of the Peoples Rights*, that there was a *Reſerve*, 'either *expreſs'd*, or *tacitly imply'd*, in the *ORIGINAL 'CONTRACT*, — That every Man ſhould have '*Property*, in his *own Appetite*; and eat, and drink, 'to *pleaſe Himſelf*; and not to *humour* the *Taſte* of 'his *Company*.

And your Petitioner (as in Duty bound) ſhall pray, *as heartily, as he* eats, &c.

LUKE THOROUHSTITCH.

To the Author *of the* PLAIN-DEALER.

SIR,

'I HAVE ſeen the firſt Part of a *Satire*, which is 'juſt publiſh'd, under Title of *THE UNIVERSAL 'PASSION*. Tho' the Author's Name is not before 'it, it is eaſily diſtinguiſhed to be the Work of ſome 'conſiderable Genius. — And the Delight which, I 'obſerve, you take in *Praiſing*, whatever has *real 'Merit*, convinces me, That I ſhall contribute to your 'own, as well as your Reader's, Pleaſure; by having 'tranſcrib'd a few Verſes, from this *Satire*, which '(unleſs I greatly deceive myſelf) carry with them 'the moſt ſhining Marks, of a Spirit, that is *truly 'poetical*. — Speaking of a Kind of People, *call'd 'LORDS*, he obſerves, with a great Deal of *Good-'Breeding*, that the *firſt Place* (in his *Satire*) is Due 'to *Quality*: and, accordingly *makes Way* for them, 'like a Perſon, *juſtly conſcious* of the *Reſpect* which 'ought to be ſhown them; I mean the *Generality* of 'them; — for ſome are far from *deſerving* the Di-'ſtinction.

My Lord *comes forward*, — Forward let *him come!*
Ye Vulgar! *at your Peril*, *give him* Room:
He ſtands for Fame, *on his* Forefather's *Feet*,
By Heraldry *prov'd valiant*, *and diſcreet*.
With what becoming Pride *he throws his Eyes*
Above *the Man*, *by THREE DESCENTS leſs wiſe!*
For Men, *like* Figures, *paſs for* high, *or* baſe,
Slight, *or* important, *merely by their* Place.
If Virtues *at his* noble *Hands you crave*,
You bid him raiſe *his* Fathers, *from the* Grave.
Men ſhou'd preſs forward, *in* Fame's *glorious Chace*,
Noble *look* backward; *and ſo*, *loſe the Race*.
Since Titles *ought to mark the* Juſt, *and* Wiſe,
The Knave *or* Fool, *who wears a Title*, — LIES.

'I CAN'T forbear following this very agreeable 'Guide, ſo far, *down Hill*, as till we meet with a '*Rural Squire*, *a Hunting*; and in *Company* with a Pack 'of Dogs that *run ſweetly*, and with great *Vigour*, as 'well as *Harmony*!

The Squire *is* proud, *to ſee his COURSER* ſtrain;
Or well-breath'd BEAGLES ſweep, *along the Plain*.
— Say, *dear* Hippolitus! — *whoſe Drink is* Ale,
And whoſe whole Learning *is a* Chriſtmas Tale!
Whoſe Miſtreſs *is ſaluted*, *with a* Smack;
And Friend *receiv'd*, *with* Thump *upon the* Back!
When thy ſleek Gelding *nimbly leaps the Mound*;
And Ringwood opens, *o'er the tainted Ground*;
Is That THY Praiſe? — *Let* Ringwood's Fame *alone*:
Juſt Ringwood *leaves each* Rival Beaſt *his own*, — &c,

'I ſhall make no Apology, for having troubled you 'with ſo long a Letter, becauſe *Pleaſure*, the more it 'is *lengthened*, is the more *welcome* to the *Receiver*.

I am, SIR,
Your moſt humble Servant,
GRACCHUS.

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